

# Beanie Sigel, Oh Daddy

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Oh daddy  
You know you make me cry..  
How can you love me?  
I can't understand why..

[Beanie Sigel]

That's what they yellin when they grab me  
Eyes are swellin, cryin, tryin to stab me  
Once they realize they can't have me  
When I leave 'em try to let 'em down easy like  
I snatch your heart so easy like Valentine  
Can't get caught up in that loop again  
Never letting Cupid in  
Boo you buggin ain't no time to be lovin  
Man the grip on my pistol only thing I be huggin  
It's mack daddy not your daddy mack  
Bitch you got it criss-crossed (scrap)  
I ain't havin that  
I can't have your back  
Look how you act when I had your back  
Picture me havin that back to back  
I pimp proper like shrimp-lobster  
Check out my pimp-posture  
Even my limp proper, mama  
I can't help what's runnin down your face  
I moved your ass into that furnished place  
Like you earned that space

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

God damn baby you had me  
All the twirlies in the caddy used to take it back gladly  
We was tighter than Tommy Buns and Keesha  
You cleant my guns, count my ones, bagged the reefer  
Shit I thought you was the one - you was my bitch  
The one that never snitched  
Taught you how to bust a fifth, shit  
I taught you how to push a whip  
Taught you how to suck a dick  
Taught you how to fluff a brick  
But you got more drama than a B-mama  
Got me goin through the motions like C. Thomas  
With the bullshit, he say she say  
The bitch is mad cause my jams kick like Eastbay  
Mad cause they mans got they kicks on replay  
How you drop from celebrity status  
Pushin Bent to niggaz in celebrity wagons  
In them sucka type Jags  
Now you fuckin type mad

[Chorus]

[Young Chris]

Oh mommy its so sad  
We had it together  
You had it whenever  
That's yo bad  
You fucked up  
It wasn't meant to be  
You lucked up  
Told me at the end don't trust her  
See that's when all the bullshit started

That's what three me in reverse, counter-clockwise  
In my mind I swore that we would work  
But I guess that I was wrong  
Ran into a dead end  
Unfaithful bitch  
You fucked the nigga I was blazin with  
Fugazied shit  
It wasn't him it was the paper shit  
Nowadays its all about the latest shit  
That or they favorite...car  
Or get paper from ball  
Unless your label all that  
And you labeled as stars  
Makin the millions  
Got them bitches willin to do  
Whatever it takes  
Takin it off or willin to screw  
Whoever I bring  
Guess it's a celebrity thing  
But I was never ashamed  
I was blessed with the game

[Chorus]